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FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

XLVIII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BARRADA—THE TEMPLES OF BALLBEC- CROSSING THE LEGANON—THE CEDARS—ED IN. Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribus

BEYROUT, Syrie, Thursday, May 27, 1852. After a stay of eight days in Damascus. we called our men, Dervish and Mustapha, again into requisition, loaded our enthusiastic mules, and mounted our despairing horses. There were two other parties on the way to Baalbec-an English gentleman and lady, and a solirary Englishman, so that our united forces made an imposing caravan. There is always a custom-house examination, not on estering, but on issuing from an Oriental city but travelers can avoid it by procuring the com pany of a Consular Janissary as far as the gate. Mr. Wood, the British Consul, lent us one of his officers for the occasion, and we found him waiting, outside of the wall, to receive his private fee for the service. We mounted the long, barren hill west of the plain, and at the summit, near the tomb of a Moslem shekb, turned to tak a last long look at the bowery plain, and the minarets of the city, glittering through the blue morning vapor. A few paces further on the rocky road, a different scene presented itself to us. There lay, to the westward, a long stretch of naked yellow mountains, basking in the hot glare of the sun, and through the center, deep down in the heart of the arid landscape, a winding line of living green showed the course of the Barrada. We followed the river, till the path reached an impassable gorge, which occasioned a detour of two or three hours. We then descended to the bed of the dell, where the vegetation, owing to the radiated heat from the mountains and the fertilizing stimulus of the water below, was even richer than on the plain of Damascus. The trees were plethoric with an overplus of life. The boughs of the mulberries were weighed down with the burden of the leaves; pomegranates were in a violent eruption of blos

of so deep a hue that it shone black in the san. Passing through a gateway of rock so narrow that we were often obliged to ride in the bed of the stream, we reached a little meadow, beyond which was a small hamlet, almost hidden in the leaves. Here the mountains again approached each other, and from the side of that on the right hand, the main body of the Barrada, or Pharphar, gushed forth in one full stream. The fountain is nearly double the volume of that of the Jordan at Banias, and much more beautiful. The foundations of an ancient building, probably a temple, overhang it, and tell poplars and sycamores cover it with impenetrable shade. From the low sperture where it bursts into the light, its waters white with foam, bound away flashing in the chance rays of sunshine, till they are lost to sight in the dense, dark foliage. We sat an hour on the ruined walls, listening to the roar and rush of the flood and enjoying the shade of the walnuts and sycamores. Soon after leaving, our path crossed a sna'l stream, which comes down to the Barrada from the upper valleys of the Anti-Lebanon, and entered a wild pass, faced with cliffs of perpendicular rock. An old bridge, of one arch, spanned the chasm out of which we climbed to a tract of high meadow land. In the pass there were some fragments of ancient columns, traces of an aquaduct, and some inscriptions on the rocks, among which Mr. H. found the name of Antoninus. The place is not mentioned in any book of travel I have seen, as it is not on the usual road from Damascus

soms; and the folinge of the fig and poplar was

company of twelve armed men seated in the grassnear the roadside. They were wild-looking characters and eyed us somewhat sharply as we pass ed. We greeted them with the usual "salaam aleikoom!" which they did not return. The same evening, as we encamped at the village of Zebdeni, about three hours further up the valley, we were startled by a great noise and outery with the firing of pistois. It happened, as we learned on inquiring the cause of all this confusion, that the men we saw in the pass were ruses, who were then lying in wait for the shekb of Zebdeni, whom, with his son, they had taken captive soon after we passed. The news had by some means been conveyed to the village, and a company of about two hundred persons was then marching out to the rescue. The noise they made was probably to give the Druses intimation of their coming, and thus avoid a fight. I do not believe that any of the mountaineers of Lebenon would willingly take part against the Druses, who, in fact, are not fighting so much against the institution of the conscription law, as its abuse. The law ordains that the conscript shall serve for five years, but since its establishment, as I have been informed, there has not been a single instance of discharge. It amounts, therefore, to lifelong servitude, and there is little wonder that these independent sons of the mountains, as well as the tribes inhabiting the Syrian Desert,

As we were emerging from the pass, we saw

The next day we crossed a pass in the Anti-Lebanon beyond Zebdeni, descended a beautiful valley on the western side, under a ridge which was still dotted with patches of snow, and after traveling for some hours over a wide, barren hight, the last of the range, saw below us the plain of Basibec. The grand ridge of Lebanon opposite, crowned with glittering fields of snow, shone out clearly through the pure air, and the heary head of Hermon, far in the south, lost something of its grandeur by the comparison. Though there is a "divide," or watershed, between Huskeiya at the foot of Mount Hermon, and Baalbec, whos apings join the Orontes, which flows northward to Antioch, the great natural separation of the two chains continues unbroken to the Gulf of Ak tha, in the Red Sea. A little beyond Baalbec the Anti-Lebanon terminates, sinking into the Syrian Plain, while the Lebanon, though its name and general features are lost, about twenty miles further to the porth, is succeeded by other ranges, which, though broken at intervals, form a regular series, connecting with the Taurus, in Asia Minor.

should rebel rather than submit.

By the middle of the afternoon, we reached Basibec. The distant view of the temple, on descending the last slope of the Anti-Lebanon, is not calculated to raise one's expectations. On the green plain, at the foot of the mountain, you see a large square platforn of masonry, upon which stand six columns, the body of a temple, and a quantity of ruined walls. As a feature in the landscape it has a fine effect, but you find yours If pronouncing the speedy judgment, that "Baalbec, without Lebanon, would be rather a poor show." Having come to this conclusion, you ride down the hill with comfortable feelings of indifference. There are a number of quarries on the left hand; you glance at them with an expression which merely says: "Ah! I suppose they got the stones here," and so you saunter on, cross a little stream that comes down from the modern village, pass a mill, return the stare of the quaint Arab miller who comes to the door to see you, and your horse is climbing a difficult path a nong the broken columns and friezes, before you think it worth while to lift your eves to the pile above you. Now reassert your judgment, if you dare! This is Baalbec: what have you to say! Nothing ; but you amazedly measure the torsos of great ns which lie piled across one another in magnificent wreck; vast pieces which have dropped

from the entablature, beautiful Corinthian capitals. bereft of the last graceful curves of their acanthus leaves, and blocks whose edges are worn away so that they resemble enormous natural boulders left by the deluge, till at last you look up to the six glorious pillars, towering nigh a hundred feet above your head, and there is a sensation in your brain which would be a shout if you could give it utterance, of faultless symmetry and majesty. such as no conception of yours and no other creation of art can surpass.

I know of nothing so beautiful in all remains of ancient Art as these six columns, except the colonnade of the Memnonium, at Thebes, which is of much smaller proportions. From every position, and with all lights of the day or night. they are equally perfect, and carry your eye con tinually away from the peristyle of the smaller temple, which is better preserved, and from the exquisite architecture of the outer courts and pavilions. The two temples of Basibec stand on an artificial platform of masonry, 1,000 feet in length, and from 15 to 30 feet (according to the depression of the soil) in hight. The larger one, which is supposed to have been a Pantheon occupies the whole length of this platform. The entrance was at the north, by a grand flight of steps, now broken away, between two lofty and elegant pavilions which are still nearly entire. Then followed a spacious hexagonal court, and three grand halls, parts of which, with niches for statues, adorned with cornices and pediments of elaborate design, still remain entire to the roof. This magnificent series of chambers was terminated at the southern extremity of the platform by the main temple, which had originally twenty columns on a side, similar to the six now stand-

The Temple of the Sun stands on a smaller and lower platform, which appears to have been subsequently added to the greater one. The cella, or body of the temple, is complete except the roof, and of the colonade surrounding it, nearly one-half of its pillars are still standing, upholding the frieze, entablature and cornice, which altogather form probably the richest specimen of the Corinthian order of architecture now extant. Only four pillars of the superb portico remain, and the Saracens have nearly ruined these by building a sort of watch-tower upon the architrave. The same unscrupulous race completely shut un the portal of the temple with a blank wall formed of the fragments they had hurled down and one is obliged to creep through a narrow hole in order to reach the interior. Here the original doorway faces you-and I know not how to describe the wonderful design of its elaborate sculptured moldings and cornices. The genius o Greek art scems to have exhausted itself in in venting ornaments, which, while they should highten the gorgeous effect of the work, must yet harmonize with the grand design of the temple. The enormous keystone over the entrance has lipped down, no doubt from the shock of an earthquake, sui hange within six inches of the ottom of the two blocks which uphold it on either side. When it falls, the whole entablature of the portal will be destroyed. On its lower side is an eagle with outspread wings, and on the sidestones a genius with garlands of flowers, exquisitely sculptured in bas relief. Hidden among the wreaths of vines which adorn the jambs are the laughing heads of fauns. This portal was a continual study to me, every visit revealing new refinements of ornament, which I had not before observed. The interior of the temple, with its rich Corinthian pilasters, its niches for statues, surmounted by pediments of elegant design, and its elaborate cornice, needs little aid of the imagipation to restore it to its original perfection Like that of Dendera, in Egypt, the Temple o the Sun leaves upon the mind an impression of completeness which makes you forget far grander

But the most wonderful thing at Baalbee is the foundation platform upon which the temples stand. Even the collossal fabrics of Ancient Egypt dwindle before this superhuman masonry. The platform itself, 1,000 feet long, and averaging 20 feet uggests a vast mass of stones, but when ou come to examine the single blocks of which it is composed, you are crushed with their inredible bulk. On the western side is a rowo eleven foundation stones, each of which is 32 fe t in length, 12 in hight and 10 thickness, forming a wall 352 feet long! But while you are walking on, thinking of the art which cut and raised these chormous blocks, you turn the southern corner nd come upon three stones, the united length of which is 187 feet-two of them being 62 feet, and the other 63 in length! There they are, cut with faultless exactness, and so smoothly joined to each other, that you cannot force a cambric needle into the crevice. There is one joint so perfect that it can only be discerned by the minutest search; it is not even so perceptible as the junction of two pieces of paper which have been pasted together. In the quarry there still lies a finished block, ready for transportation, which is of feet in length. The weight of one of these masses has been reckoned at near 9,000 tuns, yet they do not form the base of the foundation, but are raised upon other courses, fifteen feet from the ground. It is considered by some antiquarians that they are of a date greatly anterior to that of the temples, and were intended as the basement of a different edifice.

In the village of Baalbec there is a small circular Corinthian temple of very elegant design. It is not more than 30 feet in diameter and may have been intended as a tomb. A spacious mosque, now roofiess and deserted, was constructed almost entirely out of the remains of the temples. Adjoining the court-y ard and fountain there are five rows of ascient pit'ars, 40 (the sacred number) in all, sugporting light Saracenic arches. Some of them are marble, with Cornthian capitals, and 18 are single shafts of red Egyptia : granite. Beside the fountain lies a small broken pillar of porphyry, of a dark violet hue, and of so fine a grain that the stone has the soft rich luster of velvet. This fragment is the only thing I would carry away if I had the power.

After a day's sojourn, we left Baalbee at noon and took the road for the Cedars, which lie on the other side of Lebanon, in the direction o Tripoli. Our English fellow travelers took the direct road to Beyrout. We crossed the plain in three hours, to the village of Dayr el-Ahmur, and then commenced ascending the lower slopes of the great range, whose topmost ridge, a dazzling parspet of snow, rose high above us. For several hours our path led up and down stony ridges, covered with thickets of oak and holly, and with wild cherry, pear and olive trees. Just as the sun threw the shadows of the highest Lebanon over us, we came upon a narrow, rocky glez at his very base. Streams that still kept the color and the coldness of the snow-fields from which they oozed, foamed over the stones into the chaem at the bottom. The glen descended into a mountoin basir, in which lay the lake of Yemouni, cold and green under the evening shadows. But just opposite us, on a little shelf of soil, there was a rude mill, and a group of superb walnut-trees, overhanging the brink of the largest torrent. We had sent our baggage before us, and the men, with an eye to the picturesque which I should not have suspected in Arabs, had pitched our tents

under those trees, where the stream poured its snow-cold beakers beside us, and the tent-door looked down on the plain of Baalbec and across to the Anti Lebanon. The miller and two or three peasants who were living in this lonely spot were Christians. The next morning we commenced ascending the

Lebanon. We had sl-pt just below the snow-line

for the long bollows with which the ridge is cloven

were filled up to within a short distance of the

glen, out of which we came. The path was very

steep, continually ascending, now around the barren shoulder of the mountain, now up some ravine where the holly and olive still flourished, and th wild rhubarb-plant spread its large, succulent leaves over the soil. We had taken a guide, the day before, at the village of Dayr el-Ahmar, but as the way was plain before us, and he demanted an exorbitant sum, we dismissed him. We had not climbed far, however, before he returned, profeesing to be content with whatever we might give him, and took us into another road, the first, he said, being impracticable. Up and up we toiled and the long hollows of snow lay below us, and the wind came cold from the topmost peaks, which began to show near at band. But now the road, as we had surmised, turned toward that we had first taken, and on reaching the next hight we saw the latter at a short distance from us. It was not only a better, but a shorter road, the rascal of a guide having led us out of it in order to give the greater effect to his services. In order to return to it, as was necessary, there were several dangerous snow-fields to be passed. The angle of their descent was so great that a single false step would have hurled our animals, baggage and all many hundred feet below. The snow was melt ing, and the crust frozen over the streams below was so thin in places that the animals broke through and sunk to their bellies. It were needless to state the number and character of the anathemas bestowed upon the guide. The impassive Dervish raved; Mustapha stormed; François burst out in a frightful eruption of Greek and Turkish oaths, and the two travelers, though not (as I hope and believe) profanely izclined, could not avoid using a few terse Saxon expressions. When the general indignation had found vent, the men went to work, and, by taking each animal separately, succeeded, at imminent hazard, in getting them all over the snow. We then dismissed the guide, who, far from being abashed by the discovery of his trickery, had the impudence to folow us for some time, claiming his pay. A few more steep pulls, over deep beds of snow and patches of barren stone, and at length the summit ridge-a sharp, white wall, shining against the intense black-blue of the zenith-stood before us. We climbed a toilsome zig zag through the snow hurried over the stones cumbering the top, and all at once the mountains fell away, ridge below ridge gashed with tremendous chasms, whose bottoms were lost in blue vapor, till the last hights, rowned with white Maronite convents, hung abo e the sea, whose misty round bounded the vision. I have seen many grander mountain views, but few so sublimely rugged and broken in their features. The sides of the ridges dropped off in all directions into sheer precipices, and the few villages we could see were built like eagles' nests on the brinks. In a little hollow at our feet was the sacred Forest of Cedars, appearing like a patch of stunted junipers. It is the highest speck of vegetation on Lebanon, and in winter cannot be visited, on account of the snow. The summit on which we stood was about 9 000 feet above the sea, but there were paaks on each side at least 1 000 feet higher. We descended by a very steep path, over occa-

sional beds of snow, and reached the Cedars in an hour and a half. Not until we were within hundred yards of the trees, and below their level was I at all impressed with their size and venera-tile aspect. But, once entered into the heart of the little wood, walking over its ministure hills and valleys, and breathing the pure, balsamic ex halations of the trees, all the disappointment riing in my mind was charmed away in an instan There are about three hundred trees, in all, many of which are of the last century's growth, but at least fifty of them would be considered grand in any forest. The patriarchs are five in number. and are undoubtedly as old as the Christian Era if not the ege of Solomon. The Cypresses in the earden of Montegums at Chapultepec are even older and grander trees, but they are as entire and shapely as ever, whereas these are gnarled and twisted into wonderful forms by the storms of twenty centuries, and shivered in some places by lightning. The hoary father of them all, nine feet in disneter, stands in the center of the grove, on a little knoll, and spreads his ponderous arms, each a tree in itself, over the heads of the many generations that have grown up below, as if giving his last benediction before decay. He is scarred less with storm and lightning, than with the knives of travelers, and the marble crags of Lehanon do not more firmly retain their inscriptions than his stony trunk. Dates of the last century are abundant, and I recollect a tablet inscribed Souard, 1670," around which the newer wood has grown to the hight of three or four inches. The seclusion of the grove, shut in by peaks of barren snow, is complete. Only the voice of the nightingale, singing here by daylight in the solema shadows, breaks the silence. The Maronite monk, who has charge of a little stone chapel standing in the midst, moves about like a shade, and, not before you are ready to leave, brings his book for you to register your name therein. I was surprised to find how few of the crowd that sepually overrun Syria reach the Cedars, which, after Basibec, are the finest remains of antiquity

in the whole country. After a stay of three hours, we rode on to Eden, whither our men had already gone with the baggage. Our road led along the trink of a tremedd ous gorge, a thousand feet deep, the bottom of which was only accessible here and there by hazardous foot-paths. On either side, a long shelf of cultivated land sloped down to the top, and the mountain streams, after watering a multitude of orchards and grain-fields, tumbled over the cliffs in long, sparkling cascades, to join the roaring flood below. This is the Christian region of Lebanon, inhabited almost wholly by Maronites, who still retain a portion of their former independence, and are the most thrifty, industrious, honest and happy people in Syria. Their villages are not concrete masses of picture sque filth, as are those of the Moslems, but are loosely scattered among orchards of mulberry , poplar and vine coursed by fresh rills, and have an air of comparative neatness and comfort. Each has its two or three chapels, with their little belfries, which toll the hours of prayer. Sad and poetic as is the call from the mineret, it never touched me as when I heard the sweet tongues of those Christian bells, chiming vespers far and near on the sides of Lebanon.

Eden merits its name. It is a mountain paradise, inhabited by people so kind and simple hearted, that assuredly no revengeful angel will ever drive them out with his flaming sword. It bangs above the gorge, which is here nearly two thousand feet deep, and overlooks a grand wilderarea of mountain-piles, crowded on and over each other, from the sea that gleams below, to the topmost hights that keep off the morning suo. The houses are all built of hewn stone, and grouped in clusters under the shade of large walnut trace.

In wa'king among 'hem, we received kind greetings everywhere, and every one who was sea'ed rose and remained standing as we passed. The women were beautiful, with sprightly, intelligent faces, quite different from the stupid Mahometan women, who, being taught they have no souls, lose what promise of one they might have had. The children were charming creatures, and so no of the girls of ten or twelve years were lovely as angels. They came timidly to our tent, (which the men had pitched as before, under two superb trees, beside a fountain,) and offered us reses and branches of fragrant white jasmice. They expected some return, of course, but did not ask it and the delicate grace with which the offering was made was beyond all pay. It was Sunday and the men and boys, having nothing better to do, all came to see and talk with us. I shall not soon forget the circle of gay and laughing villagers, in which we sat that evening, while the dark purple shadows gradually filled up the gorges, and broad golden lights poured over the shoul lers of the hills. The men had much sport in inducing the smaller boys to come up and salute us. There was one whom they called "the Consul," who eluded them for some time, but was finally caught and placed in the ring before us. " Peace be with ven O Consul." I said, making him a profound inclination, "may your days be propitious! may your shadow be increased!" but I then saw, from the vacant expression on the boy's face that he was one of those harmless, witless creatures, whom yet one cannot quite call idiots. "He is an unfortunate; he knows nothing; he has no protector but God," said the men, crossing themselves devoutly. He took off his cap, crept up and kissed my hand, as I gave him some money, which he no sooner grasped, than he sprung up like a startled guzelle, and was out of sight in an in

In descepding from Eden to the sea-coast we were obliged to cross the great gorge o which I snoke. Further down its sides are less steep, and clothed even to the very bottom with magnificent orchards of mulberry, fig, olive, orange and pomegranate trees. We were three hours in reaching the opposite sid, although the breadth across the top is not more than a mile. The path was exceedingly perilous; we walked down, leading our horses, and once were obliged to unload our mules to get them past a tree, which would have forced them off the brink of a chasm several hundred feet deep. The view from the bottom was worderful. We were shut in by steeps of foliage and blossoms from two to three thousand feet high, broken by crags of white marble, and towering almost precipitously to the very clouds. I doubt if Melville saw anything grander in the tropical gorges of Typee. After reaching the other side, we had still a journey of eight hours to the sea through a wild and broken, yet highly cultivated country. Beyrout was now thirteen hours distant, but

by making a forced march we reached it in a day, traveling along the shore, past the towns of Jebeil, the arcient Byblus, and Joonieh. The hills about Jebeil produce the cebrated tobacco known in Egypt as the Jebelee, the praise of which I could not help singing during my voyage up the Nie. In spite of friend Greeley's antitobacco arguments, (and I acknowledge their force.) I have not been able to conquer this agreeble weakness. But I think that even he, could he take two or three whiffs from my chibouk, would temper his reproof to the softness of the fragrant smoke. The test of true Jebelce is, that it burns with a slow, hidden fire, like tinder, and causes no irritation to the eye, when held under it. Near Beyrout, the mulberry and olive are in the escendant. The latter tree bears the fuest fruit in all the Levant, and might drive all other oils out of the market, if any one had enterprise enough to erect proper manufactories. Instead of this the oil of the country is batly prepared, rancid from the skins in which it is kept, and the wealthy natives import from France and Italy in or ference to using it. In the bottoms near ti sea, I saw severel fields of the tare-plant, the cultivation of which I had supposed was exclusively

unter in proper hands. But this letter is numbing to the compass of volume. I leave to-morrow for Autioch and Aleppo, and further as God wills.

confined to the Islands of the Pacific. There

would be zo end to the wealth of Syria were th

NEW PUBLICATIONS. Adventures of an Emigrant.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH OR LIFE IN CANADA. By SUSANNA MODELS. I vols, 12mo. George P. Put-

The authoress of this deeply interesting record of personal adventure in the Canadian forest is the wife of a British military officer, who emigrated to Canada in the year 1832. Belonging to a family of literary distinction in England, her artiess parrative of wilderness life possesses no less fascination than the stately histories of the British Queens, by her sister, Miss Agnes Strick. land. Without attempting to throw a picturesque charm around the remembrance of personal hardships, she relates her experience of sacrifices and serrows in a tone of winning frankness, and always delights the reader by the careless graces of her style. Arriving at Quebec, during the prevalence of

the cholera in that city, in the famil sum ner of 1832, the husband of Mrs. Moodie lost no time in retreating into the country. The first impression of the strange land renewed the feelings with which they had taken leave of their English home A change of residence had been found necessary on account of pecuniary difficulties. The thought of quitting her friends became so painful to the delicate feminine adventurer, that it even haunted her in sleep. She seldem awake without finding her pillow wet with tears. To leave England at all was a dreadful idea. It was still more so in the beautiful season appointed for departure. The glory of an English May was upon the earth. and as the woods were bursting into leaf, the meadows and hedge-rows flushed with flowers, and every grove and copse-wood vocal with the warblings of birds and the hummings of bees, she felt almost as if she had committed some heinous crime, for which she was torn from the spot where from childhood she had indulged in delicious dreams. A ruder contrast could not be imagined than their new home. In the heart of the wilderness, surrounded by coarse and ignorant squatters, and utterly destitute of all the means of refinement or even of comfort, it seemed like banish ment from the pale of civilized existence. The farm on which they were to settle had not even a house. There was no habitation in the neighborhood, except a small dilapidated log tenement on an adjoining farm that had been some months without an owner. Wishing to plough for winter wheat, the family decided to make it a temporary home. After a tedious journey from Montreal, the rain falling in torrents, and the air as chilly as a November day, they found the location, where they were to rest their heads for the winter. Turning into a narrow, steep path, overhung with lofty woods, they came at length, at the risk of breaking their necks, to a rocky upland clearing partially covered with a second growth of timber, and surrounded on all sides by the dark forest. A hist from the Jonathan who conveyed the party meant more than met the ear :

"I guess," quoth our Yankon driver, " that at the box

tom of this 'ere swell you'll find yourself to hism," and, plunging into a short path cut through the wood, he possive to a miserable hus, at the buttom of a deep descent, and, eracking ble whip, wettermed, "Yis a smart location, that I wish you Britishers may enjoy it." I paxed upon the place in perfect dismay, for I had more reser such a shed cauled a house before. "You must be mistaken; that is not a house, but a cante-ened, or ple ext.

or pig sty "
The man turned his knowing, keen eye upon me, and smilled, half humorously, half-m-hickously, as he said,
"You were raised in the old country, I guess; you have much to learn, and more, perhaps, than you'll like to know, before the winter is over "

The party at once commenced with desperate efforts to make themselves comfortable. James, the servant, pulled up some of the decayed stu ups. with which the small clearing that surrounded the shanty was thickly covered, and made a firm, and Hannah roused herself from the stupor of despair, and seized the corn-broom from the top of the loaded wason, and began to sweep the house, raising such an intolerable cloud of dust that the lady was glad to throw her cloak over her head, and run out of doors to avoid suffication. Then commenced the awful bustle of unloading the two heavily-loaded wagons. The small space within the house was soon entirely blocked up with trunks and packages of all descriptions. There was scarcely room to move, without stumbling over some article of household stuff.

In the midst of this "confusion dire" they are startled by the sudden advent of a visitor, in the hape of seven-year old girl, disgusting in her appearance and coarse in her manners who had come on a neighborly errand of borrowing:

The creature was dressed in a ragged, dirty purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neek, with an old red cotton handkerchief tied over her head; her uncounced, tangled locks falsing over her thin, inquisitive face, to a state of perfect nature. Her legs and feet were bare, and, in her coarse, dirty red hands, she swung to and fro an empty glass decemer.

"What can she want?" I saked myself. "What a

And there she stood, staring at me in the most uncersmonicus manner, her keen black eyes stancing obitquely to every correr of the room, which she examlight with stitical exactness.

Before I could speak to her, she commenced the cou-

rerestion by drawling through her nose,
"Well, I guess your are fixing here."
I throught she had come to ofter nor services; and I
told her that I did not want a girl, for I had brought one

told her that I did not want a girl, for I had brought one out with me.

"How!" responded the creature, "I hope you don't take me for a help. I'd have you to know that I'm as good a lady as yourself. No; I just stepped ever to see what was going on. I seed the teams pass our'n about noon, and I says to father, 'Them strangers are cum; I'il go and look arter them.' 'Yes,' says he, 'do—and take the decantes along. Maybe they'd want one to put their wniky in.' 'I'm golo' to,' says I; so I cum across with It, an' here it is. But, mind—don't treak th—'tis the only one we have to hun; and father says its so mean to drink out of green glass."

My surprise lecreased every minute. It seemed such an act of disinterested generosity thus to santicloste

mact of disherersted generosity thus to anticloate wants we had never thought of. I was regularly taken

My good girl," I began, "this is really very kind-Now, don't go to call me 'gal'-nad pass off your

"Now, don't go to call me 'al'—and pass off your English airs on us. We are genuine Yankees, and think ourselves as good—yes, a good deal better than you. I am a young lany."

"Indeed!" said I, striving to repress my astonishment, "I am a stranger in the country, and my acquaincance with Caractan ledies and gentlemen is very small. I did not meat to offend you by using the term girt; I was going to assure you that we had no need of the eccanter. We have bottless of our own—and we don't offic whisks?

the recenter. We have bottles of our don't any it don't drik whisky."
"How! Not drink whisky! Why, you don't say? How ignorant you must be! Maybo they have no welsky in the old country?"
"Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whisky.

"Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whisky. But, pray take the decanter home sgain—lam afraid that it will get broken in this confesion."
"No, no; father told me to leave it—and there it is;" and she planted it resolutely down on the trank. "You will find a use for it till you have anparked your own." See ing that she was determined to leave the bottle, I said no more about it, but asked her to tell me where the well was to be found.

"The well!" she repeated after me, with a sneer. "Who thinks of digating wells when they can get plenty of water from the creek? There is a fine water-privilege not a siene's throw from the door," and jumping off the box she disappeared as abruptly as she had entered. We sli looked at each other; Tom Wils in whichly amused, and lamped outil he held alts aides.

"What temped her to bring this empty bottle here?" said Moddie. "It is all an excuse; the visit, Tom, was meant for you."

meant for you."

"You'll know more about it in a few days," said James
looking up from his work. "That bottle is not brought

locking up from his work. "That bothle is not brought here for a sight."
I could not unravel the mystery, and thought no more arout it, until it was again brought to my resolvention by the camest hereit.
Our united efforts and effected a complete transformation in our uncouth dwelling. Sleeping-berties had been partitioned oft for the men; ancives had been put up for the accommissation of books and crockery, a caper covered the floor, and the chairs and tables we had brought from ______ gave as air of comfort to the place, which on the first view of P. I deemed impossible. My hurband, Mr. Wilson, and James, had walked over to inspect the farm, and I was altring at the table at work the buly creeping upon the floor, and Hamash preparing dinner. The ana shone warm and bright,

preparing dinner. The and shone warm and bright, and the open door a dadle d a current of fresh atr, which tempered the heat of the free.

"We'l, i awas you look smart," said the Yankee damel, presenting hereof once more before me. "You old country folks are so still, you must have crossible nice, or you free. But, then, you can easily do it; you have stacks of money; and you can fix everything right of with money."

off with money."
"Pray take a seat," and I offered her a chair, "and be also descu, h to tell me your name. I suppose you must live in the neighborhood, although I cannot perceive any dwelling near us."

Imagine a young lady, dressed in regard petitionals, through whose ya subing reats peeped forts, from time to time, her bare red knees, with accombed difficults, and a face and hands that looked as if they had been unwashed for a month—who did not know A from B, and despited those who did. While those reflections, combined with a thousand ludicrous timages, were disting through my mind, my strange victor suddenly exclaimed.

Have you done with that one decanter I brought

"Have you done with that ere decenter i broughs across yeateres;"

"Oh, yes! I have no occasion for it." I rose, took it from the shelf, and placed it in her hand.

"I guess you won't return it empty; that would be mean, father says. He wants it filled with whicky."

The mystery was solved, the riddle made elear. I could centain my gravity no longer, but burst hote a heary fit of laughter, in which I was joined by Hannah. Our young lady was mortally offended; she tossed the decenter irom hand to hand, and giared at us with her thoughter etes.

tiger-like eyes.
"You think yourselves smart! Why do you laugh in

"You think yourselves smart! Why do you laugh in that way?"

"Excuse me—but you have such an odd way of borrowing that I cannot help it. This bottle, it seems, was brought over for your convenience, not for mine. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have no whisty.

"I guess spirits will do as well; I know there is some in that keg, for I smells it."

"It consides rum for the workmen."

"Better still, I calculate when you've been here a few months, you'll be too knowing to give rum to your helps. But old country folks are all fools, and that's the reason they get so easily sucked in, and be so soon wound up. Cum, fill up the be title, and don't be study, in this country we all live by borrowing. If you want anything, why just send and borrow from us."

This hing man this might be custom of the country, I havened to fill the decanter, hoping that I might get a little new mills for the poor wealing child in resure; but when I asked my liberal visitor if she kept cows, and would lend me a little new mills for the baby, sae burst out icto high dischin. "Mitk! Lend milk! I guess milk in the fall is worth a York shifting a quark. I cannot teell you a drop under."

This was a wicked uptee of extortion, as the same

carrie teell you a drop under."

This was a wieted piece of extortion, as the same article in the towns, where, of course, it was in greater article in the towns, where we have the court. article in the towns, where, of course, it was in greater request, only brought threepence the quart.

"If you'll pay me for it, I'll bring you some to-morrow. But mind—cash down"

"And when do you mean to return the rum?" I said,

Such was the first insuspicious plunge into the back-woods of Canada. We cannot follow the emigrants in their various struggles with hard fortune. The work challenges the interest of every reader, and will richly reward perusal by

the thrilling scenes which it so naively describes. One or two of these descriptions will show the graphic simplicity with which the writer narrates the most exciting incidents:

the most exciting incidents:

BURNING THE FALLOW.

It is not my inten ion to give a requisar history of our residence in the bush, but mercit to present to my readers such events as may serve to illustrate a life in the winds.

The winter and spring of 1834 had passed away. The latter was uncomm bly cold and backward; so much so that we had a very heavy fall of soor upon the Itin and 15th of May, and several gentlemen drove down to Cobourg in a stellab, the mow by ing upon the ground in the drub of several inches.

A late, cold spring in Canada is generally exceeded by a burning, hot summer; and the summer of 'M was the bestest I ever reasember. No rain fell upon the earth for many weeks till nature drooped and embersed occash one bright blaze of suellab; and the agent and lever in the woods, and the christra in the large tower and clitics, spread death and elekness through the country.

twite and cities, spread death and sickness through the country.

Mix-die had made during the winter a large clearing of twenty acres around the house. The progress of the workmen had been watched by me with the heapest interest. Every tree that resulted the ground opened a wider gap in the dark wood, giving us a broader ray of light and a clearer glimpse of the stucky. But when the dark cedar awamp froating the house fell beneath the strokes of the axe, and we got a first view of the lick, my joy was complete: a new and beautiful object was now constantly before me, which gave me the greatent pleasure. By night and day, is sunchine on atom, water is always the most sublime feature in a lancerape, and so view can be truly grand in which the wanting. From a child it always had the most power and rushes along its banks. Had the solitoide of my forest nome vanished when the lake unveiled its bright face to the blue heavens, at d I saw sun and moon and stars and waving tree reflected there. I would die phour at the window as the abades of evening deepened.

forcet nome vanished when the lake novelled its bright face to the blue heaven a, at d I saw sun and moon and stars and waving trees reflected there. I would sit for hours at the window as the shades of evening despensed round me, watching the massy foliage of the farests pictured in the waters, till fancy transported me back to Ecgland, and the houge of birds and the lowing of cauties were sounding in my ears. It was long, very long, before I cruid discipline my mind to learn and practice all the mental employ ments which are necessary in a good actiler's wife.

The total absence of trees about the doors in all new settlements had always puzzled me, in a country whose the intense heat of summer seems to demand all the shade that can be procused. My husband bad leftsoweral because it rounds and the mental picturesque aree in the country near our own hing, but, also I the first high gale presented all my fine trees, and left our log cottage entirely exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. The confusion of an uncleared tailow spread around us on every side. Huge trunks of trees and piles of brush gave a littered and unce infortable appearance to the locality, and as the weather had been very day for some weeks, I heard any husband daily ta'hing with his choppers as to the expediency of firing the fallow. They still urged him to wall a little longer, unit be could get a good breeze to carry the fire well through the brush.

Business called him suddenly to Torouto, but he leftes strict charge with old Thomas and his sons, who were amaged in the job, by no means to attempt to burn it off till he returned, as he wished to be upon the promises himself, in case of any danger. He had praviously be not all the heaps immediately about the doore. While he was absent, old Thomas and his second son felt sick he was absent, old Thomas and his second son felt sick.

changed in the job, by no means to attempt to burn it off till he returned, as he wilded to be upon the promises himself, in case of any danger. He had previously burnt all the heaps immediately about the doors. While he was abernt, old Thomas and his second on felt side, with the ague, and went home to their own towards, leaving John, a surly, obstinate young man, in charge of the shalty, where they slept, and anyt their tools and previsions. Moneghan I had sent to fetch up my three cows, as the children were languishing for milk, and Mary and I remained alone in the house with the little ones. The day was aultry, and be ward noon a strong wind sprang up that rearred in the pine tops like the dashing or distant oillows, but without in the least degree acating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor for coolness, and the girl and I were finishing sun-benness, when samele? I rae immediately to the door, but was not sale to desinguish ten yards before me. The swarp immediately polow us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of sincke directly toward us.

"What can this mean !" I orded. "Who can have est fire to the fallow !" and "hope you will forgive me: it was I as the said the fire!"

As I cressed speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. "John, what is the meaning of this fire!"

Oh, mang, I hope you will forgive me: it was I am the said of the fire!"

Oh, mang, I hope you will forgive me: it was I am the said of the sa

"Ob, ma'am, I hope you will forgive me; it was I of fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world if

the to it, and I would give all I have in the world it is no not done it."

"What is the danger?"

"Oh, I'm terrish afeard that we shall all be burns
up," and the fellow, be ginning to whimper.

"Why did you run such a risk, and your master from home, and no one on the place to render the least assistance i"

"I did it for the best," blubbered the lad. "What shall we do?"

"I did it for the best," blubbered the lad. "What shall we do?"
"Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate."
"We can t get out," said the man, in a low, hollow bone, which seemed the concentration of fear; "I would have got out of it if I could; but just step to the back door, na'arn, and see."

I had not felt the least slarm up to this minute; I had never seen a failow burst, but had heard of it as a sing of such common occurrence that I had never connected with it any idea of danger. Judge then, my surprise, my horror, when, on going to the back door, I saw that the fellow, to mane sure of his work, had it of the field in fifty different places. Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounced by a wait of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cetting off all possibility of retreat; for could we have found an opening through the burning hasses, we could not have seen our way through the deans eanny of smoke; and, burled as we were in the heart of the forest, no cost could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help. I closed the door, and went back to the path r. Fear was knocking toudy at my heart, for our uter the blessness annihilated all hope of helps are to the

utter helplesences annihilated all hope of being able to effect our occape—I felt supided. The girl set upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both failen asteep. She was stightly weeping; while the fool who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

sheath weeping; while the fool who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

A strange cain succeeded my first siarm; tears and immensances were useless; a norrible death was impeacing over us, and yet I could not believe that we were to die. I sat down upon the step of the door, and winched the swint scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar awamp, immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and I presented a speciale truly appailing. From out the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke, the blackest I ever raw, leaped up continually red forks of lorid dame as bigh as the tree tops, igniting the branches of a group of tail pince that habeen left standing for sun-logs. A deep gloom blothed out he heavens from our sight. The air was filled with first particles, which fleated even to the door step-while the cracking and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance. Could we have reclave the lake shore, where several canoes were mound at the landing, by launching out into the water mound at the landing, by launching out into the water weekend have been in perfect safety; but, to attain that object, it was necessary to pass through this minibal; as do not a bird could have thew one of the standard for the house up the clearing; and our pussage to the road, or to the forest, on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained astronched by the consuming element. I surred to young Themes, and asked him, how long he thought that would be.

When the fire clears this little ridge in from mut all go!"

"Cannot you, John, try and make your cases, and

"When the fire clears this little ridge is from, masm. The Lord have mercy upon us, then, or we must all go!"

"Cannot yest, John, try and make your casape, and see what can be done for us and the poor children!"

By eye tell upon the sleeping angels, locked pescendily in each other's arms, and my tears it wee for the first time. Mary, the servest girl, looked pitcously up in my face. The good, 'aithful creature had not uttered one word of complaint, but now she faitered forth, "The dear, precious lambs!—Oh! such a doubt."

I threw myself down upon the floor beside them, and pressed them alternately to my heart, while towardly I thank d Ot of that they were asleep, unconscious of danger, and unable by their childleh orles to distract our attention from adopting any plan which might offer to effect their escape.

attention from adopting any plan which might dues their escape.

The best soon became suffocating. We were parabed with this stand there was not a drep of water in the nouse, and none to be procured means than the laboration of the door, boylog that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I new zothing but a dense cloud of are and smoke—said has nothing but the cracking and roaring of flames, which were galeing so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breach in my face.

"Ah," thought I—and it was a most bitter thoughts "what will my beloved husband say when he resure and finds that poor Susy and his dear girle have peaked in this miserable manner? But God can save a yet."

is bed in this miserable manner? But God can save us yes."

The thought had secreely found a voice in my head before the wind rese to a hurricane, seastering the fames on all sides into a tempost of burning billiows. Burled my head in my apron, for I thought that our size was come, and that all was lost, when a most service crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a water spout, cown same the rushing towerent of rain which had been peat up for so many week in a few minutes the chip-yard was all afoet, and the fire effectually checked. The starm which, unnoted by us, had been gathering all day, and which was sonly one of any note we had that summer, continued the crust as entry, whose approach we had visued sits such dread.

The imminent danger in which we had been pleased the crust as entry, whose approach we had visued with such dread.

The imminent danger in which we had been pleased the crust and both the girl and myself sank, upon our mean and lifted up our hearts in humble thanksgiving to that time, and both the girl and myself sank, upon our mean and lifted up our hearts in humble thanksgiving to the first and away and sanks of the Providence from an away and cauden death. When all hope from human necessaries was lost, life heart was more perfectly manifes the day our weakness.

"He is their stay whose cartilly hap is lost,"

There was one parson, unknown to us, who